THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Atherton St

VOL. LXVII. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, NOVEMBER 22 1917. No. 47.

CLOSE BY MY FATHER.

"I LIKE to play close by my father's den,
Where he's at work, and every now and then,
Ask, 'Father, are you there?' He answers back,
'Yes, son!' That time I broke my railroad track
All into bits, he stopped his work, and came
And wiped my tears, and said: 'Boy, boy! be game!'
And then he showed me how to fix it right,
And I took both my arms and hugged him tight.

'Once, when I'd asked him if he was still there,
He called me in and rumpled up my hair,
And said: 'How much alike are you and I!'
When I feel just as boys do when they cry,
I call to our big Father, to make sure
That he is there, my childish dread to cure.
And always, just as I to you, "Yes, son,
Our Father calls, and all my fret is done!"

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered at post office in San Francisco as 2nd-class matter.

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PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

In The Pacific this week will be found a review of a new book by a former Californian. Perhaps we ought to say by a Californian. Charles R. Brown will always belong to California—will always be a Californian wherever he may reside. A sub-title of his book is, "Messages of Yesterday to Young Men of Today." They are messages for young men—splendid messages; but the young men who will read the book eagerly after they dip into it and who will be greatly benefited by it will be young men from fifteen to seventy.

Under the caption of "Ten Years of Fine Service," the Portland Evening Telegram says: "It is fitting that the tenth anniversary of Dr. Luther R. Dyott's pastorate of the First Congregational Church should have been signalized by a public demonstration. If his service to this community had been limited to activities in connection with one of he oldest and most influential of Portland's church organizations, it would properly be the church affair, but it was, in fact, a community observance, for Dr. Dyott has served this community with zeal and whole-heartedness. In every movement whose purpose was the better life, Dr. Dyott has taken an active and a leading part. He exerted his energies in a practical, effective way. He is a student of the large social questions which have pressed for solution and he fought for social justice. In educational matters he has been a leader. Indeed, he could always be relied upon to do a leader's full share in any work for the uplift of the community. Mankind is not given to sounding the praises of the living who have merited it, but our better nature prompts us to show our appreciation of unselfish effort in the public good. Dr. Dyott was made to feel this appreciation in the receptions tendered him. As he enters this week on his eleventh year of service to Portland, he may be assured of the community's good will and its loyal friendship."

Finnish Congregationalism began in the United States in 1896, when churches were organized in Fitchburg and Quincy, Massachusetts. Now there are seventeen in New England and several in other parts of the country, some in Oregon and Washington. Superintendent Henrikson tells of those in Oregon and Washington: "In August I visited the third Finnish Congregational Conference which has convened in the West. This was held at Astoria, Oregon. Seven churches have been organized in this section of the country in the last four years, and five of them have united with this conference. The total membership is three hundred. The membership of the Christian Endeavor Society is one hundred and that of the Sunday-schools, four hundred. The total income during the year 1916 was $3,000 and the total expenditures, $2,700. The property valuation is $13,000. In addition fourteen mission stations have been started. This work has been under the care of three ministers." Mr. Henrikson says that as he has gone about among the Finnish churches this year he has found a fine patriotic spirit among the Finns toward the land of their adoption. "They are willing and glad to stand by their country. . . . Everywhere I have been asked to speak concerning the war and the draft. Many young men have come to me asking personal advice regarding enlistment. In some of our Finnish parishes the enlistments have been felt quite severely. At Nasel and Deep River, Washington, twenty of our young men have joined the Federal service. The total membership of these churches was three hundred, and the loss of twenty is keenly felt."

A San Franciscan who is engaged in religious work at the San Diego cantonment went recently to address the men in training for the navy. He writes: "Those who one time visited the Exposition grounds at San Diego will recall the beauty of that enchanted spot. Today there are hurryings and callings there as in other days. But the ways are guarded and no fee will gain admission. There is a sentinel at the great gate-ways. That long bridge approach is guarded. Reveille and taps are sounded now where a little while ago sightseers heeded no rising or sitting command. And what a difference there is in all our land. We go no longer to remote points to see the sights. Slowly everything is being turned to the one purpose of serving the War program. At Balboa Park the thousands of sailors seem to have an ideal living place. But they are not there to pass a holiday. No; it is but a school of hard work. It was night when I went there to speak to 1200 young navy chaps. They turned the spot light straight, face on; but out there in that open space I knew they sat close in and wonderfully quiet and reverent. Then afterward they came pressing up. Soft hands they were, like those of girls; hard hands, too, as if from the hoe-handle and the corn-husking. But hands warm and strong. There, again and again, the one question that they answered—'Will you take orders from Christ and make Him Captain?'—brought the wonderful answer, the sure hope, 'I will.' One boy of about seventeen came to show the Bible his mother had that day sent half way across the continent. He was so proud and kept it in its box. He was not ashamed of the fact that it was a Bible. It was a love token and his companions saw it as he did. He turned to the front page to show me its inscription, and there is not a mother who reads this that does not know what I saw there. Next to John 3:16 it was the sweetest pen note ever dipped. It said, 'I love you. Mother.' "

The Pacific mentioned several months ago the series of articles on "Congregationalism in Washington—A Story of Beginnings," written by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene of Seattle, and appearing in The American Missionary magazine. In the last article Dr. Greene tells of the coming of Parker and Whitman and Spalding and other missionaries to the Pacific Northwest. We quote concerning Dr. Whitman's commission: "The author's father, Rev. David Greene, of Boston, Mass., was at this time Home Secretary of the American Board. The Home Secretary was then as

now the official medium between the Board and the churches in finding, selecting and outfitting the men and women sufficiently qualified for the work they were proposing to do; the Foreign Secretary was the official medium between the Board and the individual missionary and Mission Station on the Foreign fields. The Home Secretary gave the charge to Marcus Whitman, while both the Foreign Secretary, (Dr. Rufus Anderson) and David Greene signed Dr. Whitman's commission, as Assistant Missionary to the Indians West of the State of Missouri, dated Boston, Massachusetts, February 17, 1835. While traveling about in the Sunday-school work East of the Cascade Mountains, the author sought this commission. After a time it was found in Spokane in the possession of a lady who proved to be one of Dr. Whitman's adopted daughters. This original parchment was worn but intact. It seems providential that so valuable a document should have been preserved amid the desolation and confusion attending the tragedy of the Whitman massacre and the partial burning of the home. The children taking refuge under the house found and preserved this document though not knowing its value Photographic copies were made of it, one being in the author's possession at this writing. The original is preserved in the library of Whitman College at Walla Walla."

Persons interested in Pomona College were wondering a few months ago what would be the effect of the war on the enrollment for 1917-1918. A large falling off of young men students was anticipated, but it was thought that there would be a normal enrollment of young women. However, the outcome was the falling off among the latter was almost as large as it was among the former. Last year the loss among the men was 22 per cent; this year it was 36. Among the women last year it was 12¼ per cent; this year it was 23. Nevertheless the total enrollment is 542 so far this year against 596 last year. An article in the college quarterly magazine says: "We must remind ourselves, however, that these figures are thus favorable very largely because of the number of women in the lower and special classes. The college has measured up well in its responsibility to the national government, how well I believe other articles in this issue will point out. Our men are at the front in France, and in various training camps throughout the country and many of them have won their way to positions of responsibility as officers." Last year the enrollment of young men was 256; this year it was 188. Young women enrolled last year to the number of 340; this year 354. Last year there were in the Freshman class 98 men and 100 women. This year there are 67 men and 132 women. "An analysis of the Freshman class with reference to the high schools and preparatory schools represented shows sixty-four such schools within the state and twenty-six without. There is one student each from Hawaii and China. The state with the highest representation is Arizona with five students representing three high schools; Montana has five representing two high schools; Nevada and Oregon come next, with the rest scattering. Entering to advanced standing were twentynine students as against thirty-five last year; twelve of these came from Junior College as against seven last year. All but five of these students entered the Sophomore class; the five entered the Junior class. The institutions represented are Carleton College, Iowa State University, Cornell (Ia.) College, Grinnell College, Illinois Woman's College (2), Mills College, Mt. Holyake, Ohio State University, Phillips University (Okla.) Iowa State Teachers' College (2), University of Illinois, University of Michigan, University of Montana, University of Redlands, Washington State Normal, North China Union College (China)."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Rev. Dr. Jowett of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, wrote recently that he read Whittier with increasing profit and delight.

Fourteen thousand physicians have been commissioned for army service. Provision is made for seven thousand more, enough to care for three million men.

The London Daily Mirror remarked recently: "What we want to know from Ministers is what they and their Departments are doing. After three years of war, what they are 'thinking' or 'feeling' or 'hoping' or 'prophesying' ceases to be of importance.

Mansfield College, Oxford, England, has no theological students now, but its doors will not be closed. Two Arts men will be in residence, and some lectures arranged in connection with the Faculty of Theology will be given for a few students who will attend from other colleges. The chapel service is kept up.

In an article concerning Harry Lauder at his son's grave, London Tit-Bits says: "When the storm had spent itself he rose and prayed: 'O God, that I could have but one request! It would be that I might embrace my laddie just this once and thank him for what he has done for his country and humanity.' That was all; not a word of bitterness or complaint."

In a sermon a few weeks ago in London the Rev. Dr. Orchard remarked that he had said hard things about Theosophy at times but that now he wanted to say: "It has been a way home to Christianity for some people, and I regret with infinite regret what appears to be an attempt in India and at home to suppress this religion by the government. If anything could give a religion a great start in the world, it would be an attempt at persecution."

"Some Signs of the Times from the point of view of Religion" was the topic on which the Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, formerly of the City Temple, London, spoke in a Congregational gathering the last week in October. He said that a new realization of our citizenship in the Kingdom of Heaven is greatly needed, and that there never was a moment more propitious than the present one for one Church, one civilization, one ideal of the commonwealth of man. What would save the internationale of the future would be a realization of the unity of Christendom, an international spirituality.

Dr. Heald, Superintendent of Congregational Home Missions in New Mexico and Arizona, writes that the Spanish-American citizens have not been found wanting in this time of national crisis. "The Mexicans living close to the border are almost all citizens of old Mexico, and so are not eligible to our armies. Our native-born Mexicans are heartily loyal and ready to do their part. In the New Mexico militia, now federalized, there are 410 Mexicans out of 1,212 enlisted men. Colonel Abbott tells me that when trained with patience and led by officers in whom they have confidence, they make excellent soldiers. Of the men drafted into the National army in New Mexico fully one-half are Spanish-Americans. They respond readily to the nation's call, and we believe they will give a good account of themselves in the day of battle. We expect that they will derive great benefit from army discipline and training

and bring back to the hamlets and ranches new ideas and aspirations." Concerning the Rev. Dwight J. Bradley, a recent graduate of the Pacific School of Religion and pastor now at El Paso, Texas, Dr. Heald says that he "spends much of his time among the soldiers."

The author of a new book entitled "Crimes of Charity" tells of a prominent woman investigator who lectured on how to prevent tuberculosis. In her address before the women in her own district she told that they must have the best food, plenty of rest and recreation, and, as though to cap the climax, that they must all live on the top floor! Sleep on the roof, keep your windows open and don't worry! Some weeks later, while doing his own work, the author of this book found a family of consumptives living in a dark, damp basement. "But you used to live on the top floor," he said; "what made you come down?" He was then informed that the family had moved in obedience to orders from the investigator—the woman who had lectured so strenuously on the white plague. Hunting up the lecturer, the writer demanded the reason for this decision. To his astonishment, she answered that as she must make frequent calls on this family she did not intend to wear herself out by walking up five flights of stairs! If the Editor of The Pacific were writing sermons, he would look up a Scripture text and make that and this incident the basis for several Sunday morning thoughts. How much easier it is to preach than to practice! How much easier to tell what ought to be done than at some sacrifice of self to help to the doing of it. Oh, yes, we all must look out for "number one"—that is necessary! "If we don't do it, no one else will; each must do it for himself," says some one. Very true! But let it be done in the way Jesus of Nazareth did it. There is life in his way, and in no other.

A NEW BOOK BY A FORMER CALIFORNIAN.

"What a roomy place the Bible is!" The Oakland Enquirer quotes the foregoing, and says: "With these words, the face and the voice of Charles R. Brown come into being as though he were talking again from the pulpit of the First Congregational Church."

The words were taken from one of five addresses given by Dean Brown of the Yale School of Religion on the Sunday evenings of Lent in the United Church on the Green, New Haven, Connecticut. The audiences were composed largely of men, many of them students in Yale University. The addresses have been published in a book of 122 pages, with "the hope that they may have a certain value in their appeal to a wider audience of young men who in school and college, in their homes and in business life are making those determinations which will decide the issue for them in those exacting years which are before us."

It is said in the preface to this book: "It has been given to us to live through one of the great crises of the world's history. In these days the hearts of men are being tried by fire. If it is 'wood, hay, and stubble' that we are putting into our personal moral structures, into the purposes and methods which rule our industrial life and into our national temper and fiber, then we may expect to see our work destroyed. The only qualities which will stand the test are those qualities which are symbolized by 'gold, silver, and precious stones.'"

The Bible characters considered in the book, and around which as Dean Brown analyses them in his characteristic way he centers incisively worded valuable thoughts are, "The Young Man Who Was a Favorite Son." "The Young Man Who Was an Athlete," "The Young Man Who Became King," "The Young Man Who Was Born to the Purple," "The Young Man Who Changed the History of the World."

In the beginning, Dean Brown challenged his hearers, as he now does his readers, with the question, "Which would you say is the harder to bear, adversity or prosperity?" Concerning this he expresses himself: "I am not sure. If I were a betting man I would not know on which horse to put my money." And then in contrast: "The Bible says, 'The destruction of the poor is their poverty.' The narrowness and the meagerness of their lives, the lack of access to the highest interest seems to drive them oftentimes into the coarse forms of indulgence which are their undoing. The Bible also says, 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God.' The millionaire who strives to be thoroughly Christian in all his attitudes and actions, in the secret desires which rule his own soul and in the relations he sustains to his fellow men by reason of his wealth, has a hard task."

Peradventure there were before him, as he spoke, some young men "born with silver spoons in their mouths" and these words fell on their ears: "In every great city you will find the sons of millionaires falling down or flinging themselves away in thoughtless dissipation where the sons of toil are standing up and making good." And then moving swiftly to the Bible character to be considered, and with the intent of picturing him as modern as well as ancient: "Here, for example, was a young man who was born on the sunnyside of the street. He was the son of a rich man and the favorite son. He was handsome—'It came to pass that Joseph was a goodly person and well favored.' He was habitually well dressed—'His father gave him a coat of many colors,' which there in the Orient marked him as a young man of style. He had a vivid imagination and was a good talker. He was a young man of parts and his story was so interesting to those early Hebrews that here in the Book of Genesis thirteen full chapters are given to his personal history."

We cannot follow Dean Brown as he considers three points in Joseph's career, but we can pick out a few thoughts here and there. He was presented as being early in the school of adversity and as taking all the grades in the commonest of all common schools. "He was under the tuition of struggle and difficulty. He was a Freshman, then a Sophmore, a Junior, and a Senior in the University of Experience, where the college colors are always 'black and blue' because the lessons are learned by hard knocks. . . . He had the conceit knocked out of him by being knocked down. He knew the meaning of the word 'discipline,' so that he could have spelled it and parsed it forward and backward and crosswise."

With the things in view which his student hearers would be facing soon in the business world, and the tests they would have to undergo there the action of the brothers of Joseph were placed alongside the life of today in such words as these: "How human and modern were the mental processes of these crafty men! The man who decides to coin his brother's life into money instead of killing him with an axe has chosen so much milder a form of wrong-doing that he feels almost virtuous. 'Let us not slay our brother'—that has an atrocious sound. It smacks of the doings of gunmen. Let not our hand be upon him, for he is our flesh! But let us sell him'—This is so much more humane! Let us burn out his energy swiftly in the long, hard hours of the steel mill to make our profits large. When he is exhausted before his time we can scrap him, flinging him aside to make room for a fresh hand.

Let us set the pace in the factory so sharp that the man in middle life cannot hold it—he will be compelled to drop out and tramp the streets in search of a job, while some younger man takes up his work. Let us keep the wages of the working girl so near the danger line that unless she is splendidly fortified with moral stamina she may be tempted after she has sold her days to greed to add to her income by selling her nights to shame. Let not our hands be stained by the murder of our own flesh and blood, let us sell them in these more delicate and refined ways to increase the toll of profit! The voice of Judah is still heard in the land. There on the plains of Dothan this favorite son fell into the hands of greed and was sold as a slave boy into the land of Egypt."

Further along in this graphic presentation of life ancient and modern we read as to Joseph: "He was only seventeen years old when he walked across the fields that day to the place where his brothers kept their flocks. Now he was thirty. He had increased in stature, in wisdom, and in favor with God and man. It had taken thirteen long years to add those cubits to his height, but they had been well spent. The Almighty takes his time in working out his finer effects. The spoiled child, the censorious tale-bearer, the callow, conceited youth must be wrought upon by the heat and play of human life. When any man has vision and faith there is a divinity which shapes his ends, rough-hewn though they be by doting fathers and envious brothers, by false accusers, and by ungrateful companions. When a man is faced right, all things, no matter what shape they bear, will ultimately work together for his good."

And then, as he nears his conclusion after a few words as to Joseph's dreams, Dean Brown says: "In the long run the world belongs to the idealist. The ultimate shaping of its life is in the hands of the men who walk the busy streets and dusty lanes with their feet on the ground, but with their heads and their hearts among the stars. The men of vision and faith sometimes lose a skirmish; now and then they are defeated in a battle, but when the war is fought through to a finish they are on the winning side."

Turning now to "The Young Man Who Was Born of the Purple," who is Isaiah, we find Dean Brown saying: "There was a loud cry for men of large build with wise heads and sound hearts to furnish moral leadership. And in the face of this demand this son of good fortune did not allow the divine spirit to go out into the highways and hedges in order to compel some sort of a man, any sort of man, to come in that the ranks might be filled. He answered to his name with a clear-cut consecration of himself. 'Here am I, send me.' "

And then the soul-stirring application is: "When war comes to any country, there are rich men who give money, millions of it, that the war chest may be full. There are great manufacturers who promptly place their plants at the disposal of the government for the making of munitions. There are ship owners who turn over their vessels to the navy that they may be sent to do business in the great waters of national defense. There are wise men who think hard upon the problems of finance and statecraft that they may provide the counsel which is more precious than rubies. All this is in the highest degree praiseworthy. But the only men who give what Lincoln called at Gettysburg 'the last full measure of devotion' are the men who give themselves. These men do not go on horseback nor in automobiles. They walk. They eat the hardtack. They sleep on the ground. They dig the trenches and fight in them. They march out at the word of command to be shot at. They keep right on doing these plain things until the war is ended and victory achieved. These are the men who awaken our warmest feeling of admiration and gratitude. 'Here am I, send me'—nothing can take the place of that!"

And then in wider application the thought is: "In that sterner war where there is no discharge, in that age-long, world-wide fight against the evils of earth this same sound principle holds. Money is needed; organization and administrative ability are needed. The bringing in of that kingdom which is not meat and drink, nor shot and shell, but righteousness and peace and joy in the divine spirit, requires all these fine forms of effort. But nothing can ever take the place of that personal consecration of each man's soul to the service of the living God."

"The Young Man Who Changed the History of the World!" Who was He? Jesus of Nazareth. We wish we could quote at considerable length from this as well as from other of the articles. But something brief must suffice:

"How marvelous was the life of this young man who changed the history of the world! If we could get away from the idea that He is a stained-glass window or a marble statue or a lovely story in a book which most men seldom read; if we could only see Him as He was—the Word made flesh, real, warm, alive, our hearts would leap.

"He never saw the inside of a college, yet somehow He learned to think straight and to speak as never man spake. He looked up with pure eyes and a pure heart until He saw God. Therefore when He spoke His word was with power, and when He lived His life was with power; and when He stretched forth His hand, His touch had healing in it."

And again: "He was an optimist. By that I do not mean one of those silly, short-sighted individuals who goes about saying, 'Look always on the bright side.' Jesus looked on both sides. He went about with his eyes open. He saw everything. He saw the struggle and sorrow of human life and felt it as if it had been all His own. He looked upon the tired, sad, sin-stained face of the race. He knew it as he knew His own face, and He saw the heart of pain which made it so. He was no school-boy shouting himself hoarse in a thoughtless enthusiasm which had never tested its strength against the graver difficulties of life. He saw it all, understood it all, yet he lived and died in a great sweet, serene hope for the race. You cannot find one hateful, cynical or despairing word falling from His lips."

To the question, How did He go about it—this changing of the history of the world? the answer is: "He changed men's thoughts about God." And, "As a man thinketh in his heart touching the things that matter, so he becomes."

'Men had been filling their minds with all sorts of wild and foolish guesses about God. This young man placed upon the lips of the race and within its heart that great word 'Father.' . . . He showed us the Father and it sufficed us. . . 'I am not alone, the Father is with me. I come not to do my own will, but the will of him who sent me. I must be about my Father's business.' When that great sublime truth is set within the heart of the race, as it was set within the heart of this young man, it changes the history of the world."

Concerning Jesus Dean Brown says further that He knew the great moral order was on His side and that He could afford to wait for results; and so in that high confidence He moved ahead as serene as the sun shining in its strength, crying "Be of good cheer," when He stood within a hundred yards of Calvary.

"His victory was not meant to be exceptional; it was

meant to be representative. It was to be shared and repeated by all those who walk in fellowship with Him."

Further it is said that Jesus changed the history of the world by changing men's conception of goodness; and "to be good is to be like Him—simple, genuine, spontaneous, in our love and practice of the right life."

And finally: "He did it by changing the hearts of men from within—'If any man is in Christ he is a new creature,' He did it by setting in our human sky a fixed star of hope to shine on until the day dawns and the shadows flee away."

Dean Brown's closing words are a challenge to every man: "In the face of it all how can any man of sense and conscience do less than follow Him and act with Him until His will is done on earth as it is in heaven!

" 'If Jesus Christ is a man
And only a man, I say
That of all mankind I cleave to Him
And to Him will cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ be God
And the only God, I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, the air.' "

Fleming H. Revell Company, New York; seventy-five cents net.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE COEUR D'ALENES.

A National Council Address by the Rev. Carl H. Veazie of Wallace, Idaho.

Those of you who have formed your mental picture of a Western Mining Camp from reading the novels of Rex Beach or attending the movies may be surprised to hear of conditions as they actually exist in one of the largest lead producing centers of our country.

The Coeur d'Alene Mining district occupies the County of Shoshone in the "Panhadle" of Idaho, lying next to Montana on the upper waters of the Couer d'Alene River. The center of the district is the city of Wallace, a beautiful, progressive, busy town of about 5000, which has attractive homes, excellent schools, hospitals, library, and paved streets which are thronged with automobiles. They do more business in this little city to the square inch than Chicago can boast to the square mile.

The first and truest impression one gets of the place is that of **propseprity.** Everyone is making money or is here to make money. The district is immensely rich. Last year we dug from the hills $33,000,000 worth of ore and over $12,000,000 of this was clear profit to the mining companies. Wages are high. At present a bonus, varying with the price of lead, is paid to all the workmen employed by the mining companies. This, now equal to $1,25, added to the standard wage of $3.50, makes a mucker's wages $4.75 for a day's work. Living expenses are correspondingly high, however, and it is doubtful if most of the men are able to save a large part of their income; but to receive and spend a good deal of money gives at least the feeling of Prosperity.

The spirit of the region is the spirit of the miner and the spirit of the miner is that of the gambler. The early prospector staked his life and grub-stake against a belt full of "dust." The present miner risks the chance of being crushed by falling rock or smothered by underground fire for the high wages. Nearly everyone in the region owns stock in some mine or prospect. The minister's salary (with the exception of the present one) the school teacher's savings, the doctor's fees, the workman's wages, the stenographer's pay, the house-wife's pin money, even the school children's nickles—all go to buy mining stock; and the big blackboards with their changing figures which adorn nearly every other window in the business part of town are watched daily with feverish interest. A 'hasher" in a cheap restaurant told me that he made and lost $7,000 in one year. A young lady teaching in our Sunday School entered my study one day and joyfully announced that through a tip given her by the broker for whom she worked she had "made" $14, the day before. There are perhaps a half dozen men in Wallace who a few years ago were common workingmen and today are worth millions. There are probably thousands of others who have left their fortunes in a hole in the hills and gone away "busted," but they are forgotten. Prosperity is the drawing power of the region. Everyone who comes here is drawn by the lure of gold, and his greed is fed until it becomes an all-absorbing passion, crowding out for the time at least all other and higher interests.

The reason that I am presenting this picture is not to boom the sale of western real estate nor to induce the National Council to come and visit us, but to show if I can that **Prosperity** is a greater obstacle to the work of the gospel than **Poverty.** You have often heard the plea made for the poor Home Missionary with his pitiful salary of $600 or less, paid largely in cord wood and unmarketable vegetables, whose measely stipened has been augmented by the help of a lone cow which cow is now dead and the poor baby deprived of his necessary milk and the over-worked wife sick in bed and wont you all give a few pennies and send some clothes in the Christmas box. Well do I know the truth of this picture, for I have often worn the welcome garments from those blessed home missionary boxes and my father brought up a family of seven on a Home Missionary's salary, but this is not the story of a dead cow or a sick baby. Rather I want you to see that a people given over heart and soul to the pursuit of quickly gained wealth are harder to reach with the Gospel call than those in the grip of poverty or even starvation. Some one has described them as "a people whose God is gold and whose hope is a hole in the ground."

I do not want you to think of my people as altogether godless and ruled by greed and living in the lap of luxury. While they are here in the pursuit of wealth it does not follow that they keep possession of it all. The stocks of most of the paying mines are held now by eastern people. The companies send their dividends to New York and leave their dump-piles here and with these dumps are left a large number of economic and social problems that the companies have not been able or willing to solve. More than this these people are not greedy. Their money-lust has been fed and it has grown prodigiously; the chance of riches has given to them the miner's fever (your piety may be due to your poverty, or to your lack of opportunity to get great wealth quickly) but the mining people are proverbially generous and open-handed. When once their interest is stirred they give as readily as they get and penuriousness is despised and almost unknown among them. In the last drive for the Red Cross we nearly doubled our apportionment and gave five times as much per capita as the rest of the country. They are often careless with their money. Many of them come from the best homes of New England and the East from environments of culture and refinement and religion; lured to the Golden West by dreams of sudden wealth they leave the "impedimenta" of religion among the heirlooms of the old nomestead and come to their new home in the spirit of a vacation, morally

and religiously.

There is a coresponding lack of permanence in the feelings of the people. As soon as their pile is made or they have struck it rich they will leave, and so the church and culture and things that make for character and permanency are forced to wait while they rush to the "killing while the killing is good." Such conditions produce a shifting, restless population. Half of the congregation in our church will frequently be strangers. We preach to a procession which has not time to pause and listen. Of the 6000 young men in the mines and mills I doubt if a fraction of one percent is ever touched by the church in any way at all or ever made aware of its existence. This is one community that is not overchurched. If all the population should take a notion to go to church at the same time not one tenth of them could sit down, and yet we are seldom crowded for room.

There is a corresponding lack of permanence in the feelin such conditions as these. One of them is **Homelessness.** A large proportion of the laboring men are single or living away from their families, most of them boarding at the company "Beaneries," and the crowded conditions of most of the mining camps gives them no chance whatever for any physical or social recreation. One company has built and maintains a Y. M. C. A., and some of the others have plans underway for the same kind of buildings for the men.

Another social problem is the lack of the Sabbath. The wheels never stop. In mine and mill the work goes on 24 hours a day, 7 days a week 52 weeks a year. The men work in three shifts, the morning from 7 a. m. to 3 p. m. afternoon from 3 p. m. to 11 p. m. and "grave yard' from 11 p. m. Every two weeks a man changes shift. The housewives will be able to realize some of the problems this brings to a home where there are also children to be fed and sent to school. With the exception of one company, the Bunker Hill-Sullivan, no miner in the district ever has a Sabbath and would not know what to do with it if he had it.

Working under such conditions the men, though far above the average in alertness and intelligence, become rather rough and irresponsible and careless of human life. There is, or was, a certain kind of drill used in the mines called the "Widow-maker" which is guaranteed to kill a man in three years because of the poisonous dust that enters his lungs. Yet this drill was extensively used and was in favor among the men, because of its ease of handling and has just recently been made illegal by a law drafted by the Treasurer of the Wallace Church.

In the past, the Coeur d'Alenes have been the seat of some of the most violent labor troubles in the history of our country. The Western Federation of Miners, so well remembered for their policy of dynamiting back in 1898, had their headquarters at the little town of Gem for years and began their work of terrorizing here and at Kellogg. Here "Big Bill" Haywood, the present leader of the I. W. W. now under arrest by the United States for treason, was then secretary of the W. F. M. during its dynamiting days. It was here that Orchard who confessed to the dynamiting of over 50 men lived for several years and began his career of murder for the Union. During the present crisis the men have remained loyal and quiet, due partly to the high wages paid and to the presence of Government troops who have headed off any possible agitation; but we are a long way yet from having any feeling of real "Brotherhood" and human interest between the owners and the workers of the mines, and how to create that between a company whose office is on Broadway and whose stockholders are anywhere under heaven and the boys in the muck here in the Coeur d'Alenes is a problem that will take more than the Church to solve.

Many social conditions have improved greatly in the last few years. State Prohibition has banished the Saloon and although bootlegging is common, since it is but a few hours walk to Montana and the notorious town of Taft (all due sympathy and respect to its name-sake) we are ready to testify that the worst kind of Prohibition is far better than the best kind of license, and heartily hope that the Civilized East may some time come up to us in this respect. Prostitution has until very recently been legalized and preserved with tender care and devotion. One of the choicest business sites in the heart of the City of Wallace was given over to the housing of about 100 girls who were fined regularly once a month and the fines paid into the school fund and every industry in town from the physician and the drug store, to the laundry and the church, profited directly or indirectly from their presence. It was only through the action of the United States government for the protection of the soldiers stationed here that this district has been recently closed. The former pastor of the little church in Mullan led the fight some years ago for closing up the business there. He won out, but "he had to leave town soon after.'

This problem of the mining district, briefly pictured, our church has endeavored to take up somewhat as a laboratory to find out if there is any way in which the Church of Christ can minister to these dire needs and bring a social gospel to bear on the thousand of homeless, restless miners. The Sabbathless work, the grumbling labor unrest that in the past has been a festering sore, threatening the very heart of our Democracy, the shifting, restless, gold-seeking population, the indifference toward the church and even religion and morals present some unsolved problems; and to the experiment we have tried to bring the best endeavor of our local and national denominational forces, planning to unite the work of the whole district surrounding Wallace in a sort of larger parish with an adequate force to serve its varied needs. No church has solved this problem as yet. No work in such a mining community has been permanent and far-reaching though many times there have been brilliant and sporadic efforts made. We have no blazed trail to follow but we must try and find a way. We can not afford to leave such a challenge unmet. With faith and persistence and devotion and optimism undaunted we must try to answer the need.

So far our church has had some success. While men will barely stop to listen the boys and girls are more easily reached and an entering wedge in social service has been started by such work as the Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls. Last summer we had 85 in a Boy Scout Camp for two weeks, a most successful and valuable experiment in County-wide service which is reaching many homes that the church has not been able otherwise to touch. Seventy-five girls enjoyed a camp of a week at a nearby lake and our little Sunday-school has a half dozen clubs for the young people that have proven of value in directing service as well as stimulating interest. The Sunday School has grown to an enrollment of over 200 an increase of about 400 per cent and the church services are well attended. The big problem of reaching the men in the mines is so far unsolved. The most successful effort in that direction is the other companies are planning work similar to this.

The help of the Home Missionary Society, which has for the past two years met the salary of our Church Assistant, Miss Lilie Deuff, has been a paying investment and a most gracious service for which we are deeply grateful. She has taken comfort and fellowship to many homes, has been an inspiration in the work of the church and the Sun-

day School and the choirs and among the girls and the young people. Aside from this gift the field has cost the society only $90 for the two years, but a more far-reaching and aggressive work must soon be undertaken especially in Mullen and the surrounding camps and another man added to the working force.

We can make no promises for the future. The conventional ways of measuring success may be entirely lacking in our work. The procession comes and goes. We must often sow our seed to the wind and trust that the kingdom prospers, though our own organization may dwindle and fail. The price of lead may close up half of the mines or a bad strike might close up all of them and just then when the church is most needed but when as in the past we have generally turned our backs and run away we must be ready to double our efforts and stick to the job through thick and thin. We may not be able to find a solution for many of the greatest social problems, for the man who is close to the fight is often prevented from doing much in that direction, but we must continue to try and must stand ready to enter any door of service as soon as it is opened.

When the recent labor troubles incident to the entering of our country into the war began to threaten some of the great industries on which the army was dependent the government hurried troops here to prevent any trouble or agitation. Bullets must be made for the war and lead must be produced to make them, and so at any cost the mines must be protected. If it is so parmount that the government take these steps to protect the mines, is it not just as necessary that the church take adequate steps to protect and enrich the lives of the men in the muck who produce the ore and the lead?

"ABIDE WITH ME."

By Thomas Tiplady, Chaplain to the Forces at the Front.

(The Fleming H. Revell Company of New York and Chicago has given us permission to publish in the Pacific a chapter from a new book, by an army chaplain, "The Cross at the Front." Among other articles in the book, twenty-five in all, are: Before and After the Battle, The Wayside Calvary. Tommy's Religion. Tommy's Morals, Tommy's Idea of the Churches, The Chivalrous Religion Our Citizen Soldiers Will Require. The author expresses the hope the articles will reveal something of the spirit in which the men lived and fought, suffered and died. The price of this book, which is one well worth reading, is $1.00, net.—Editor.)

It was Thursday evening in a little village behind the line, and the hour we had chosen for worship. Stepping off the road that threaded its way through the cluster of farm-houses, we passed through a field, in which some of our comrades were playing at football, and entered the field beyond. There we found a quiet corner where the trees stood round us like to the pillars in the aisles of our churches at home. There were about fifteen of us. Some were in the R. A. M. C., and had just come out. The others were in an infantry regiment which had served twelve months in Flanders, and had been but recently transferred to France. Quietly they formed themselves into a semi-circle round me, and I asked them what they would like to sing.

"No. 52."

"That will do nicely," I said. "Will you please give it out?"

At even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

The evening was quite still. The voices of the men playing at football sounded sweetly distant, and the sound of the guns broke upon our ears like the thud of incoming waves falling on the sea-shore. We lifted up our voices and sang, with the subdued note of the birds in the neighboring hedges. To him who has only sung this hymn in a church much of its beauty must of necessity be hidden. It is revealed only in the light of the setting sun. The men were facing the Golden West. The pomp of the dying day lay upon the grass at our feet. It lit up with beauty the faces of the men as they sang. Soon it would be gone, and the shadows would wrap us round as with a mantle. We should feel the isolation of darkness, that which makes children afraid. A sense of loneliness would creep over us, and the coldness of nature would grip us.

"We would see Jesus"—the Light that never fails. And our hearts cried out to Him, "Abide with us, for the day is far spent."

Thy touch hath still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Then we bowed our heads, and I asked one or two of the men to lead in prayer—not knowing which would respond, but leaving them to the Spirit's promptings. Quietly, naturally, and with humility, they lifted up their voices in prayer. Two prayed; three prayed; and I asked for more. It was so sweet to hear them that I could not bring myself to stop the music of their prayers. Five or six prayed; then came a silence as thrilling as speech, and, after it, we joined in the Lord's Prayer. We knew that He who taught us the prayer was in the midst to hear it, and to present it to His Father and ours.

After the prayers, the men chose No. 14, with its fine opening line to each verse:

Fight the good fight with all thy might.
Run the straight race through God's good grace.
Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide.
Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near.

Then I read to them the 91st Psalm:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. . . . For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands."

A few weeks later many of the men were to see the arrow that flieth by day, for suddenly shells fell like thunder-bolts about their billets, killing and wounding many. They were also to feel the terror of night, for while out in front of their trenches, digging in darkness, the foe discovered their presence and searched their ranks with

shot and shell. But the Wings were over the lads who had met for worship on that calm evening of which I write, and who, with faces lit by the setting sun, had listened to that psalm of confidence in God. They were saved from the arrow by day and the terror by night.

I asked them what they would sing next, and they chose No. 12:

Lead, Kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
. . . . . .
So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Ah, me! We did not know the meaning of hymns before. When you are far from home, with the darkness gathering round you, and the guns booming in your ears, you see again the angel faces you have left behind you, and wonder if the dawn will ever break through, for you, the long night of war, and restore them to you. Unutterable longings come to you, and at such times you know the meanings of hymns. As we sang Newman's hymn, and prayed for light, "kindly" light, we knew something of Newman's secret. We understood something of his feelings as, with the shadows gathering over him, he sat alone on the deck of a wandering ship, far from England and home.

After the hymn, I spoke to the men of the forward look to be seen on every page of the Bible. I showed them how, in all ages, God's people have been journeying "towards the sunrising"; how they have always refused to be content with things as they are, or have been, and, urged by a divine discontent, have pressed on to a "better country," and a "New Jerusalem," "Whose Builder and Maker is God; how they have sought the path that 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day," and, refusing to believe in the finality of either darkness or twilight, have sought the pure light. A night of barbarism had overwhelmed the world but it would yield to the daylight of love and peace. 'The day must dawn and darksome night be past.' The land that was red with blood today would be red with roses tomorrow. A world for which the Son of God had died could not be lost nor sink back into the abyss of barbarism out of which he had lifted it. Though humanity was being torn and cast upon the ground in the process, the devil was being cast out of the nations, and our children would not be thrown into the fire as we had been. Our feet were yet in the wasteful wilderness, but our eyes were towards the sunrising and the Land of Promise. And our feet would follow our eyes.

So I spoke to the brave lads. By now night was on. We could scarcely see our books, but we turned to No. 51, and by the fast-failing light sang:

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

The lights along the front were becoming invisible, but the worshippers had seen him who is invisible, and they were unafraid. The faith that was in them had found its ex-

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold Thou thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord abide with me.

After the blessing the men quietly separated and walked to their billets. They walked in twos and threes, speaking softly as they went. As they walked I stood and watched them, for there was one with them whose form was like unto the form of the Son of God. He was abiding with them.

SOME CAMP KEARNY EXPERIENCES.

The Rev. Alexander C. Stevens, who went recently from San Francisco to Samp Kearny near San Diego as a special chaplain, wrote soon after his arrival:

Here in this Camp where forty or even fifty thousand men will work out their physical program and learn the strategy of winning the battle toward which each of them is moving, we who believe in God must center our very lives and prayers in proving to these men that the hour that compels them to "Go over the top" must be the hour when Christ is Captain. To have Him then they should receive Him now.

The boys coming here from Camp Funston, Kansas, tells of the wind and cold rain back there. They are now fairly soaking in the sunshine of Southern California. The Camp Lewis men have a similar story of the North country. Here is the ideal winter climate and the most available training field.

Yet running through all the hours and the nights is the one underlying motive—war. Each soldier is settling his mind to the one business—preparation for the one battle of some day when he gives his last ounce and his last thought to winning.

Here Christian workers are also doing intensive tasks, to match so dread an hour with love's part. It is interesting to know the personnel of the Army Chaplains in this Camp. I have talked with many of them and shall see all of them during the next few days.

With hardly an exception, these men are above the average in ability. They are in age, mature but not old. They differ as men of the average ministerial gathering would differ. They are earnest men who desire to do all in their strength to direct the men. One gave me the key note of decided conservatism. It came from a question which I frankly asked as to how clearly any one may put the appeal for Christian decision in a stated army address. This thoughtful and experienceed chaplain advised against any message except the general one of high moral standard. "It is not expected that a man shall speak directly," he said, "but rather give an inspirational talk and then seek to lead his men personally."

The Catholic chaplain told me that he gave up one of the leading Roman Catholic Churches in Denver to do this work. "I shall go over the top with my men," he said. "I have told my men this and they know that I will. Where they go I shall be with them. I went into this work with my eyes open to its cost." As we stood there in the Y. M. C. A. building where he had come to arrange for his Sunday regimental service which I am helping advertise, I had the finest chance to study the man rather than the priest.

Surely, I believe he will do that very thing—'Go over the top." I heard this same chaplain give a mighty address on "Manhood."

The Mormon Chaplain is a one-time congressman from Utah, Brigham Roberts, b name. I hold no brief for him or Utah, Brigham Roberts, by name. I hold no brief for him or a most unusual way won the respect of his men and at Camp Kearny; the Utah section is remarkable for neatness and general morale. In an unannounced and general investigation of the sanitary condition of the whole Camp from the standpoint of the living of the men I am told that the Utah soldiers stand first. Chaplain Roberts has the name of being influential in making unpopular any dissipation of man power.

I have lately found that book—"The War After the War." It stresses the re-making time after the storm of death. The drive against every form of man lowering process being made today convinces me that we shall also win the other war which is not waiting until after the war.

There are three Presbyterian Chaplains, two Congregational, two Christian Church, one Methodist Episcopal, (South,) one Mormon, one Roman Catholic, at Camp Kearny, according to available records. Other chaplains are coming and several will be added to the list. Of course we know that our evangelical chaplains are doing their part. They are good sturdy fellows with the highest idealism. Sometimes they are worried by routine and very restless. Frankly I may state that the Y. M. C. A. Leader has the big place in this hour.

It is interesting to note that a commanding general greets the Y. M. C. A. general secretary of this camp as an equal. He greets and associates with the chaplain according to his rank be he lieutenant, captain or major.

Numbers of special chaplains are coming to camp. Among them are Catholic, Evangelical Lutheran and others. The Knights of Columbus have erected a fine commodious building and will, it is said, add three other similar structures.

This week begins the big drive among all Christian forces at the Camp to put Bible study into each company. The approach is to be made by announcing everywhere "The Soldier Spirit" idea.

On my desk here where I have all day made out money orders for the boys, because it is pay day, numbers of the little book with the title as given above, have been in full view. A few minutes ago a lad from the Utah regiment came in and after buying a money order to send home, remained to inquire about the book. When he went away he took one to read.

Then there came to me this day an older man, grizzled of face and burned by years in the Southern Colorado exposure, who wanted to say that he is done with booze. Some connections are electric. "But his hand in mine is continuing to grip with the "Soldier Spirit."

Thank God for this chance to be a special chaplain of the Church of God.

"'I showed men God,' my Lord will say,
'As I traveled along the King's highway.'
'And what did you?' my Lord will say
When we meet at the end of the King's highway.'

The best work is done by the man who, living the best life he knows, shares that life with others; who, without schemes or views, gives daily his best to those who need; and who leaves his day's work to be fitted into a scheme beyond his own understanding.—Canon Barnett.

A CHILD'S POEM TO HER FATHER IN FRANCE.

Sometime last year a ten-year old girl in England wrote a poem "To Dad Mobilized." A little later the father saw in the London Times an article on "Playing with Children." He sent, then, a copy of the poem to the writer of that article, expressing the hope that the rhyme might touch a note for the writer of the charming article on "the essence of pretending" as the article did for him serving in France. The verses written by the little girl were:

We sailed along, and we sailed along,
Singing our song and singing our song,
The song of the unknown sea,
Just you and me, Dad, just you and me.

We sailed along, amid fairy isles,
And brought our booty in glowing piles,
Booty that none else could see,
'Twas only for you, Dad, and only for me.

We were passed by birds with jeweled wing,
Birds that only for us could sing;
Rubies fell from an emerald tree,
They were only for you, Dad, and only for me.

Strangers could never our sea explore;
No one could land on our magic shore;
Everything we could hear or see
Was only for you, Dad, and only for me.

On our unknown sea was never a storm,
Nor anything else that could do us harm,
It was all as happy as happy could be,
Happy for you, Dad, and happy for me.

Though on our lake we may not float,
Side by side in our little boat,
In dreams we sail on our unknown sea
That is only for you, Dad, and only for me.

THE LAST ADVENTURE.

All forms of life are endless; each frail vase
Is emptied o'er and o'er—but filled again;
And never tangled is the wondrous maze
Of nature's melodies through endless days—
And yet forever new and sweet to men

Gleams hint that life upon some future waits;
The worm cannot forecast the butterfly—
And yet the transformation but creates
A step in the same Nature which now mates
Our own—and may life's mystery untie.

Mayhap the butterfly this message brings:
"The law, uncomprehended, I obey;
Although the lowliest of earth-bred wings,
Even I have been reborn with urgent wings,
And heavenward fly—who crept but yesterday."

In life's fair mansion I am but a guest;
And life will bring fulfillment of the gleam.
I trust this last adventure is the best,
The crowning of this earthly life's behest,
The consummation of the poet's dream.

—James Terry White.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NORTHERN CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The annual meeting of the Northern Congregational Conference, held in Eureka October 20th to November 1st, while small in regard to the numbers attending, was a really great occasion in its outlook over world problems and the spirit of those participating in the program. Eureka greeted the little band of present-day pilgrims from the south with the heaviest fog of many seasons, "quite unusual," according to the testimony of old residents, and certainly quite an unusual experience even to those who are accustomed to the climate of the San Francisco Bay region. But the cold and dampness of the fog only made all the pleasanter by contrast the warmth and cheer of the greeting given by the Eureka church. Nothing that could be done to give the home-like touch to the reception of the visitors was omitted, and particularly enjoyable were the daily luncheons together which were a part of the hospitality of the church and which gave so much of the family feeling to the gathering.

The program, on the general theme of "Pilgrim Principles and Present Day Problems," was carried through with a spirit which will be long remembered by those attending. From the opening sermon by Rev. R. D. Douglass of Ferndale on the subject, "Let There be Light!" with its keynote of hope of the evolution of a higher world order from the chaos of present conditions, to the fine closing address of Dr. F. J. Van Horn of Oakland, with its stirring appeal for personal sacrifice in the spirit of the Pilgrims and for recognition of the privilege of having a share in the new forward movement of humanity, every address added something distinctly worth while to the general impression. No more valuable contribution was made to the program and to the thought of those who listened than the Bible study on the religion of the prophets conducted by Dr. R. C. Brooks of Berkeley on the two days of the Conference, emphasizing the fact that religion and ethics are one, from different points of view.

In the absence of the speakers on "A Nobler Evangelism as One of the Ideals of Congregationalism;" an open parliament on this theme was conducted by Superintendent Rathbone, which brought out many points of view, although all participating in the discussion were agreed as to the necessity for more definite planning and more efficient carrying out of the plans along this line. Under the same head of Congregational ideals Mr. Douglass of Ferndale and Mr. Isaac of San Francisco also spoke of "A Larger Missionary Enterprise" and "A More Intelligent Faith." On Home Missionary Evening the Conference was addressed by Rev. A. B. Apra and Rev. Frederick Conliffe on conditions in the Italian quarter of San Francisco and in the western part of Berkeley; and also on "Home Missions in War Time" by Dr. Ralph B. Larkin of Berkeley. The application of Pilgrim Principles to phases of modern life was discussed by Rev. Benjamin Gould of Rio Vista, Rev. E. C. Oakley of Mill Valley, Rev. W. J. Johnson of Oroville, and Rev. Wm. C. Pond of San Francisco.

New trustees of the Conference in the class of 1920 were elected as follows: Mr. F. P. Cole, Mr. O. W. Lord, Rev. E. D. Weage, Rev. W. J. Johnson, Rev. R. B. Larkin, Rev. B. H. Stauffer, and Mrs. F. J. Van Horn. Mr. David H. Dexter was also elected to fill out the unexpired term of Mr. I. H. Morse in the class of 1918, whose resignation was accepted by the Conference.

Rev. Byron H. Stauffer of San Francisco was elected as preacher for the Conference of 1918, with Rev. W. J. Johnson of Oroville as alternate.

Some of the Resolutions.

Resolved, That the Conference endorses the war work of the Young Men's Christian Association on behalf of the social and religious welfare of our enlisted men and heartily commends it to the work of our churches

Resolved, That the Conference wishes to express its appreciation of the valued services of Mr. Arthur Arlett to the varied interests of the church and to assure him of our sympathy in his illness and our earnest hope for his recovery.

Resolved, That this Conference declares its zealous loyalty to the nation and the flag and pledges its support to the President and officers of our government. To the myriads of young men going from our homes into the great conflict, we pledge our sympathy, our prayers and our encouraging messages.

FIRST CHURCH, BERKELEY.

The reports at the recent annual meeting of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley showed a membership of 713, despite the fact that 100 names had been taken from the roll because of absence.

During the year 83 persons were welcomed into fellowship, 25 on confession of faith. There are 50 names on the Cradle Roll of the church.

Mrs. Riley, the church clerk and pastoral assistant, spoke of the year as one "rich with blessings." There have been marked interest and growth in the Sunday-school, and the additional accommodations acquired a little over a year ago are already outgrown. Emphasis was laid on the need for larger social service features among the young people and accommodations therefor.

A covered pergola connection of church and parish house is under construction, and a movement has been started to so furnish the latter as to make it more serviceable.

In the report of the clerk there was beautiful tribute to Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, the pastor, to which all hearts said "Amen!"

The report of the trustees showed current expenses met, and the apportionment for benevolences exceeded by more than a hundred dollars. There were many benevolences outside those for the Congregational societies, and so the total was over seven thousand dollars. The total contributed for all purposes was $16,500. The budget for the ensuing year is $10,000 for current expenses.

The mid-week meeting has had a good attendance of late, the topics for consideration relating to Congregationalism. Last week the topic was, "The Development of Congregationalism in the Nineteenth Century." This week it is "The Influence of Congregationalism in Education, Missions, Theology, and Literature." Next week it will be, "The Place and Responsibility of Congregationalism."

Monday evening of this week the Misison Study classes in the four Congregational Churches of Berkeley met together in the parish house, and Dr. Larkin of the North Church led in such a manner as to make the meeting one of great interest and large value.

As the people listened and participated as Dr. Larkin led them along in the study—or the summing-up of the several weeks of study—so admirably, there was in many a heart gladness that this brother from our Southland had

come to Berkeley and was in our parish house that evening.

Under the gracious and able leadership of Dr. Brooks, the First Congregational Church of Berkeley feels that it has many, many things for which to be very grateful to the Giver of all good.

The pulpit messages from Sunday to Sunday, year after year, are inspiring and upbuilding.

All in all, no one can be a member of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley and fail to feel that his lot has fallen in pleasant places.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Sixteen persons were received to membership in the Long Beach Church at the November communion service, three on confession of faith.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer will speak at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday on "Army Life from the Inside." Wednesday of next week he and his family leave for Honolulu where he will enter on the pastorate of Central Union Church.

A service flag containing sixty-three stars was dedicated in the First Congregational Church of Oakland last Sunday. Each star represents a member of the church or congregation in the service of our country. The flag will be unfurled in front of the church each day during the week, and on Sunday in the auditorium. There is room on it for other stars.

The Sonoma Index-Tribune says: "Lieutenant Colonel Shaw, son of Mrs. O. B. Shaw, and a physician with the allies over in France, is to be put in charge of a big hospital near Paris to be chief instructor of 250 doctors and 1000 nurses. A special correspondent, writing of the field hospital over which Col. Shaw has had supervision, says 'the hospital arrangements are perfect.' Mrs. Shaw is a long-time member of the Congregational Church at Sonoma.

Mrs. Rosa A. Buel, a pioneer Californian, passed into the other life from her home in Oakland on Monday of last week in her 94th year. Her husband, the Rev. Frederick Buel, who came to California in 1849, who was the first Secretary here of the American Bible Society, and who did a memorable work for many years, preceded her years ago. Mrs. Buel was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland. A reader of The Pacific in pioneer days, she became a reader of it again about fifteen years ago and read it through every week until the last half dozen weeks.

CALVARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

The Central Oakland Red Cross Auxiliary, which meets in Calvary Church, has a splendid and enthusiastic membership sewing steadily all day every Friday, finishing a large number of articles each week and turning them into headquarters. So much satisfaction has been expressed for the perfect way in which the articles received from this auxiliary are finished that they have been given the privilege of making up the samples to be used elsewhere. Last week this auxiliary raised about fifty dollars from the sale of home cooked foods, jellies, jams, etc., to be used for the purchase of yarn which will be transformed into warm sweaters, stockings, mufflers, and wristlets for our boys in the army and navy.

Calvary Church received seven new members into fellowship last Sunday and the work of the church is being kept up in good shape during the absence of our pastor.

A Harvest Festival will be held in this church on Sunday, the 25th inst, at which time we will have quantities of fruits, vegetables, grains, cereals, nuts and other provisions to be used in decoration and on the following Monday will be distributed to needy families for Thanksgiving.

The Women's Association will hold the Annual Bazaar on Thursday and Friday, December 6th and 7th. The booths will be well supplied with the usual fancy and useful articles, as well as home made candy and home cooked foods. The Young Women's Club will be responsible for one of the evening entertainments and Mr. Price will take charge of the other.

Our church is well attended now, but Mr. Price will set out to fill our church during December, and we will all do our share to help.

REPORT OF ANNUAL MEETING AT RIO VISTA.

The Annual Meeting of the Rio Vista Congregational Church, (Benjamin Gould, minister), was held on Wednesday evening, November 7th. Supper was served by the Ladies' Aid and a larger number of members and friends attended than for many years past. The reports from all departments of the church were most encouraging. Nine new members have been added during the year and a deeper interest on the part of all is being manifested. The Treasurer reported all bills paid and a balance in hand of $622.00. The Sunday-school report showed an increased enrollment, a much increased average attendance and the successful working of the Tercentenary scheme. The Ladies' Aid Society has undertaken the complete renovation of the interior of the church auditorium in the past year, together with the reshingling of the roof. This has cost about $600.00. They reported all bills paid and $399.00 in the treasury. The church voted to meet its apportionment for Benevolences in full for the coming year. A new and modern church hymnal is to be secured immediately. The need of a social hall was discussed, and the meeting voted unanimously to instruct the Trustees to take immediate steps to secure such a building. A spirit of good cheer and harmony prevailed throughout the meeting.

SAN MATEO.

Three adults were received into fellowship last Sunday on confession of faith, making 26 accessions for the year and 62 during the present pastorate. The Bible Class Social is held this week at the home of G. W. Dickie. It will be "French night." Mr. Dickie will give an account of his visit to Paris, the High School choir will sing "The Marseillaise," and the guest of honor will be the Hon. C. De Gazotte, the French Consul of San Francisco.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, RIVERSIDE.

Rev. A. M. Brodie, D.D., of Wichita, Kansas, occupied the pulpit at both services and will preach next Sunday also. Morning subject: "A Teacher with Authority"; evening subject, "The Price of Power."

Dr. Brodie is a man of national reputation, having been engaged for the past months in the soldiers' welfare, visiting the different cantonments and rendering great help to the soldiers by his stirring addresses.

Dr. Brodie was greeted by large audiences last Sunday and we hope for still larger next Sunday.

The Sunday-school presented to the church a service flag with 15 stars thereon, being the boys who have been members of our school and given themselves for army service.

W. B. M. P.

WEDNESDAY MORNING PRAYER MEETING.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer W. Galt, just arrived from Paotingfu, China, were special guests at the prayer meeting on Wednesday morning. They came from North China where the most disastrous flood known for fifty years is spreading desolation. American Board missions at Hsiku and Techow are flooded, water standing in the new hospital at a height of six feet. The missionaries have been transferred to Tientsin, but thousands of Chinese are homeless with the severe North China winter coming on. The danger of epidemic is imminent. Local agencies both civil and Christian are doing their best to meet the situation. The American Red Cross has sent $250,000 which is being dispensed by Mr. Greene of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Lintsing is not reported as flooded but isolated. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman and Miss Munger, who are en route to Lintsing, are tarrying at Tientsin until conditions warrant the pursuit of their journey. Mr. and Mrs. Galt are staying with Mr. Galt's mother at the Colonna Apartments, Berkeley.

Mrs. Evans, our President, was with us once again after her trip to the east. Prayers were offered for the flood victims, our missionaries on the field and on furlough, the Laymen's Missionary Movement Conventions, the Jubilee at Boston, the Missionary Education Movement, the Moslem World and for our own Mrs. Ferrier, whose mother, Mrs. Frederick Buel, at the age of ninety-three years, has just passed away.

Miss Henrietta Brewer, the Board's Branch Secretary, is making valuable use of her time while visiting in Boston, by frequent visits to the rooms of the Woman's Board and the American Board to learn of their experience in furthering plans and meeting problems similar to our own.

The Woman's Board of Boston has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary jubilee and their "Golden Anniversary Gift" reached the $252,000 dollar mark.

Miss Mary Florence Denton is well and busy with her friends in Boston, who are entertaining her delightfully.

Gratifying returns from "In-gathering Day" meetings prove the large place the little blessing-boxes are making for themselves in the thought and lives of their holders.

NEWS OF OUR HOSPITAL WORK FROM DR. ROSE F. BEALS, OF WAI, INDIA.

While war and confusion reign in Europe, we are living in comparative peace. Our work forges ahead. We have had more patients this year than we had last when we thought we were doing our utmost. At our daily dispensary in the town where hundreds of people come for advice, daily treatment or dressings, and for medicines to be taken home, we have had more patients than we had last year during the same period, something over seven thousand. Plague was present in the town during the early part of the year, and for a while fewer patients came to see us. But it did not close up our work this year, as it has so often come near doing before. And, on the whole, during this six months our numbers have been above those of last year. The hospital, too, has been full to the limit and overflowing most of the time. For not only have all the beds been full, but the verandahs have been crowded; and last week when a family of three came hundreds of miles for our hospital care, we had not one spot for them, not even the verandah; and we finally gave them one of the cook rooms in a row of out-houses near by.

We have had some very interesting patients, too. Of all the cases which impress the people themselves most, the removal of abdominal tumors, ovarian cysts and the like, takes first place. And those which give us ourselves great satisfaction, are the eye cases, especially the removal of cataract, which is very common here. The cases which stay longest in the hospital are the ones we can do most for spiritually. There is a young man about twenty who has been with us now for three or four months with a tubercular ankle. Another, a Brahmin about twenty-five and his sister, a little younger, both suffering from tuberculosis, have been with us for several months. These latter are really thinking deeply of Christianity. One Brahmin woman, who has been suffering several years with a severe malady of softening of the bones, was with us for several weeks and was wonderfully benefitted. When she came she could not walk a step alone, could with great diffculty lie down alone if in a sitting posture; and before she went away she walked nearly a quarter of a mile to see the home of one of our Bible women with whom she had become very intimate in the hospital in her daily visits. By the way, this woman's husband is a well known lawyer who has been a serious enemy of our mission in years gone by. He himself had an operation in our hospital in March, and I doubt whether he will ever again seriously oppose our work.

We have had some very interesting cases in the maternity ward. If I only had more time, or an effcient assistant who could give all her time to the maternity ward, we could have a very large number of cases.

One young man who became a Christian from the hospital last year is at present living in one of our other stations, well started with work in a store. Our prayers are very much with him still, that he may become more and more a real Christian as the days go by. Another man, much older, perhaps sixty, a shop-keeper, has been very desirous for baptism for months. He has a chronic asthma which has been very troublesome and he has hardly been able to work for a long time.

The Bible women say they can hardly get away from the hospital when once there. Every one urges them to stay on and on. You know a hospital is a place of leisure for the patients. And what an opportunity it gives us to teach them of Christ!

Not so very long ago plague broke out in a section of the town quite near us. And as our children went to walk one morning they found near the road a little wooden cart, roughly made by hand, with the wooden dolls as images standing on the cart. There was a cocoanut, some red powder, a small coin and flowers on and around the cart. It was a votive offering of the people of this ward where plague was raging to appease the plague goddess. The hope is that the goddess may use the cart to go off to some other village. The children brought home the cart and had great fun playing with it. I allowed them to do so after I had inquired how the people would feel about it, and found that they would be only too glad to have it taken away, as it would probably take the plague with it.

Sometime during that next week ten rats died of plague in our cook-house and in adjoining rooms. And the people living near by were sure that the bringing of the cart by the children had brought the plague to us. The cart mysteriously disappeared off our premises. I suppose it was taken again and left by the road side that the plague goddess might again be persuaded to go on to the next village. As the rats were promptly burned, and as all were inoculated against plague, there was no further trouble. You will be interested in the snap shot of our little girl, Annette, playing with the plague cart. You would not know her again from the picture, but the cart is true to life.

During the year our little Christian community has built for itself a new church building. They expect in time to pay for it all and to own it entirely themselves. It is an extremely simple structure of just one room. But the whole building was carefully planned and is a dignified and beautiful place in which to worship. A good bell and organ were sent out as gifts by an unknown friend in New York. It stands on the river bank just opposite and looking down upon the many Hindu temples that line the farther bank of the river. I am enclosing a picture of it that I am sure will interest you.

We are still using the things that came in those wonderful Christmas boxes that came from you. They still fill all kinds of needs that come up every day.

The Home.

"Have courage; we see the Morn!
Never fear, tho' the Now be dark!
Out of the night the Day is born;
The Fire shall live from the spark.
The world grows—yet not by chance;
It follows some marvellous plan;
Tho' slow to our wish the advance,
God rules the training of Man."

THE SELFISHNESS OF PARENTS.

No human beings display year in and year out more of the beauty of unselfishness than parents. The burdens they bear for their children, the sacrifices they make for their welfare, the pains they endure for their good, are beyond description or praise. Yet it is also true that there is no selfishness that is more galling and ruinous than that of parents.

In earlier life, in the unselfish stage, they think of themselves in terms of their children. In later life, they think often of their chidlren in terms of themselves, and so appears the selfishness which is willing to limit the lives of their children to gratify their own desires. Though the children are grown and responsible, these parents continue to wish to settle their life questions for them—continue to set up their own wishes as argument for a narrower life than children themselves want to live.

The matter can be made very clear in a simple illustration, which occurs with sad frequency. A daughter receives a vision of the world field—sees it for herself alone, or for herself as the wife of a Christian man whose face is toward the mission field. She takes her wish to her father and mother, the very ones who ought to wish for her the largest, broadest life she can live. And they put their wishes squarely athwart the path. The daughter must not go so war away; they would not think of letting her got to China or Japan or India; they might never see her again; if she goes it must be without their blessing.

Sometimes father and mother grow dramatic and bid her choose between themselves and the yougn missionary or the foreign field. They tell her sometimes they would rather see her in her coffin than to have her go as a missionary. We are not thinking now of non-Christian parents; their opposition is not so surprising. We are thinking of Christian parents, who know what the meaning of the will of God is, in theory at least. Any foreign board can tell of promising applicants who have been compelled after application to withdraw on account of home opposition—or else must go out to their chosen work with heavy hearts, doing the will of God at wholly needless cost.

What the parents say in such cases is that they love their daughter too much to let her go so far! Could anything be cheaper or wider from the facts? It is not their daughter whom they love; it is themselves they love. They are not asking what will be best for her—whether it can be best for her to turn away from a purpose in which she is trying to do God's will. They ask her to be sure it is not God's will because it is not agreeable to them! They put themselves in the place of God for her. She must regulate her life by their desires. They are not ready to bid her Godspeed in her womanhood. She must always keep within the tether of the strings which they tie upon her. It is unmiigated presumption, interfering with a life which does not belong to them.

We have deliberately taken the hardest illustration. Instances of it in just this form are before us at the moment. But the same selfishness appears in smaller instances. Sons and daughters, but chiefly daughters, come to the age for going away to school for wider training. Parents are able to send them away, but fathers refuse to lose them from the home, mothers "cannot bear to have them away" from them. That the child cannot have the full training that the largest and finest life calls for is not to be discussed; they will try to make it up, they think, and meanwhile—they will be having their pleasure!

Sometimes such persons speak of it as a peculiar merit in themselves that while other parents will let children go away, they love their own so much that they cannot spare them. The plain fact is that they do not love their children deeply or truly enough to let them live their own lives. They must live the lives their parents lay out for them. That they should seek and find the will of God for their own lives is wholly incredible to parents who love themselves so much that they cannot think of the will of God except in terms of their own convenience.

There is hardly a hamlet in the land in which there are not limited, crippled lives—largely women's lives—denied their rightful chance because unwise parents selfishly demanded them when their real chance came. Daughters have been kept at home in unselfish service when the way ought to have been opened for their larger life—life in homes of their own, in occupations or fields which they longed to enter, but which they could not enter because parents thought for themselves and not for their children. It is all the fruit of plain, ugly selfishness, disguised in words of love. The part of parents is to fit children for life and then welcome the largest desires they have and set them free in every quest for the will of God and the widest service.—The Continent.

Pleasure may lie in ceasing to be individual, but duty lies in performing the microscopic task allotted to us.

For The Children.

THE TALE OF A QUICK-RUNNING SQUASH.

Charles owned a garden. One morning his father called him and, pointing to four stakes driven in the ground, which certainly had not been there the night before, said:

"All the land within those four stakes is yours, your very own."

Charles was delighted, and thanking his dear father, ran off to get his little cart, for he wished at once to build a stone wall about his property. He did not fear it would run away, but he knew that landowners always walled in their possessions, writes Alicia Aspinwall, in "Short Stories for Short People."

"After the wall is built,' said his father, "you may plant in your garden anything you like, and James will give you what you ask for."

In two days, the wall was built, and a good one it was, too, being strong and even.

The next day James set out some plants for him, and gave the boy some seeds which he planted himself, James telling him how to do it.

He then got his watering-pot and gently sprinkled the newly planted ground with water. Running across the lawn, he looked down the road to see if his father had not yet come from the village. His father was nowhere to be seen, but coming down the road was a most remarkable looking man. He was tall and thin and had bright red hair which had evidently not been cut for a very long time. He wore a blue coat, green trousers, red hat, and on his hands, which were large, two very dirty, ragged, white kid gloves. This wonderful man came up to Charles and asked for a drink of water, which he, being a polite boy, at once brought. The man thanked him, and then said:

"What have you been doing this morning, little man?"

Charles told him about his new garden, and the man listened with much interest.

"Little boy," said he, "there is one seed that you have not got."

"And what is that?"

"The seed of the quick-running squash."

Charles face fell.

"I don't believe James has that, and I don't know where to get one," he faltered.

"Now, as it happens," said the man, "I have one of those seeds in my pocket. It is not, however, that of the common, everyday quick-running squash. This one came from India, and is marvelous for its quick-running qualities. You have been kind to me, little boy, and I will give it to you," and with a peculiar smile, this strange man produced from his pocket, instead of the ordinary squash seed, an odd, round, red seed, which he gave to Charles, who thanked him heartily, and who ran to plant it at once. Having done so, he went back to ask when the quick-running squash would begin to grow. But the man had disappeared, and, although Charles looked up and down the dusty road, he could see nothing of him.

As he stood there, he heard behind him a little rustling noise, and, turning, saw coming toward him a green vine. He had of course, seen vines before, but never had he seen such a queer one as this. It was running swiftly toward him, and on the very front was a round yellow ball, about as big as an orange. Charles looked back to see where it came from and found that it started in the corner of the garden. Why, to be sure, the seed of the quick-running squash which the strange man had just given him.

"Well, well, well," he shouted, in great excitement, "what an awfully quick-running squash it is. I suppose that little yellow thing in front is the squasn itself. But indeed it must not run away from me. I must stop it," and he darted swiftly down the street after it.

But, alas, no boy could run as fast as that squash, and Charles saw far ahead the bright yellow ball now grown to be about the size of an ordinary squash, running and capering merrily over stones big and little, never turning out for anything, but hobbing up and down, up and down, and waving its long green vine like a tail behind it. The boy ran swiftly after it. "It shall not get away," he panted. "It belongs to me."

But that squash did not seem to realize at all. He did not feel that he belonged to anybody, and he did not feel that he was a quick-running squash, and so on he scampered.

Suddenly he came to a very large rock, and stopped for a moment to take breath, and in that moment Charles caught up with him and simply sat down on him.

"Now, squash," said he, slapping him on the side, "your journey is ended."

The words were scarcely spoken when he suddenly felt himself lifted up in the air, and bumpity-bump, over the stone flew the squash, carrying with him his very much astonished little master. The squash had been growing all the time, and was now about three times as big as an ordinary one. Charles, who had a pony of his own, knew how to ride, but never had he ridden anything so extraordinary as this. On they flew, "roll, waddle, bump, bump; roll, waddle, bang," the boy digging his knees hard into the sides of the squash to avoid being thrown. He had a dreadfully hard time. Mount the next quick-running squash you meet, and you will see for yourself how it is.

To Charles' great delight, he now saw his father coming toward him, riding his big black horse, Nero, who was very much frightened when he saw the boy on such a strange yellow steed. But Nero soon calmed down at his master's voice and, turning, rode along beside the big squash, although he had to go at full speed to do so. "Gallopy-gallop" went Nero, and "bumpity-bump" went the squash. Papa lost his hat (Charles had parted with his long before.)

"What are you doing, my son, and what, what is it you are riding?" asked his father.

"A quick-running squash, Papa,' gasped Charles..... "Stop it, oh, do stop it, Papa."

His father knew that this could be no ordinary squash, and saw that it evidently did not intend to stop.

"I will try to turn it and make it go back," he said, so, riding Nero nearer and nearer the squash, he forced it up against a stone wall. But, instead of going back, this extraordinary squash jumped, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, over the high wall, and went bobbing along into the rough field beyond. But alas, before them was a broad lake, and, as he could not swim, back he was forced to turn. Over the wall and back again over the same road and toward the garden whence he came, Charles still on his back and Charles' papa galloping at full speed behind.

The squash, however, must have had a good heart, for, when he reached the house again, he of his own accord turned in at the gate and ran up to the wall of Charles' garden. There he stopped, for he was now so big that he could not climb walls, and, indeed, nad he been able to get in he would have filled the little garden to overflowing, for he was really enormous. Charles' father had actually to get a ladder for the poor little fellow to climb down.... When the family were at luncheon, they were alarmed by

hearing a violent explosion near the house. Rushing out to see what could have happened, they found that the marvelous quick-running squash had burst! It lay spread all over the lawn in a thousand pieces.

The family and all the neighbors' families for miles around had squash pie for a week.

He will certainly fail who hopes to know men deeply and to get only happiness, never to get anxiety, distress, disappointment, out of knowing them; and he has mistaken the first idea of human companionship who seeks companionships, friendships, and contacts with mankind directly and simply for the pleasure they will give him.—Phillips Brooks.

The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties to God and man; to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future. The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach.—Seneca.

Only let nations, like individuals, get to know each other and mutual animosity will resolve itself into mutual assistance and instead of natural enemies, as neighboring countries are sometimes styled, we all shall be natural friends.—Goethe.

How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; in the heart and thoughts, not in the visible actions and show; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no root! How often do men cultivate the garden of their souls just the other way.—Temple.

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